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For the Herald and Journal.

LETTER FROM LOWELL.

St. Paul's Church—Donation Visit—Congregational Singing, &c.

MR. EDITOR:—A cheerful acknowledgment of kindness is always appropriate; and especially so when it exhibits, for the example of others, the kindness and sympathy of Christian friends.

Agreeably to a notice given at St. Paul's, about two hundred of our generous people called at my residence, on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday last, to make myself and family a visit. This occasion was one of great interest and pleasure to us, and evidently so to all of the happy company that thronged our dwelling. To much pleasant conversation, was added a rich musical entertainment by our choir, under the direction of Bro. L. M. Folsom, the popular teacher of Night Singing. Among the many choice pieces which they sang, I send the following for publication:—

THE PASTOR'S BENEFIT.

Thou Giver of mercy, light, and love,
Look from thy holy throne above,
And tune our hearts to praise.
Bestow thy blessing on us here,
And let us feel thy presence near,
As we our voices raise.

We meet this eve, our pastor dear,
Our gifts to bring, thy heart to cheer,
And aid thee on thy way;
Nor this alone; we fain would prove,
That ours are hearts of grateful love,
Accept the attempt, we pray.

We bring with these our wishes true,
That Heaven's best gifts may rest on you,
With all on earth you love;
And may our love, thus freely shown,
Cement the tie around us thrown,
Till we shall meet above.

O may thy labors here be blest;
May we accept the promised rest,
And souls to thee be given;
Till we shall all our pastor greet,
In that bright world where saints shall meet,
And swell the songs of heaven.

Substantial "aid," chiefly in money, to the amount of more than a hundred dollars, and many proofs.

"That" "thine are hearts of grateful love," were liberally given as tokens of kindness and sympathy, to encourage the preacher and his family in the toils of an itinerant life. With pleasure shall we remember these and many other generous friends in this city, whose kindness has cheered and strengthened our hearts; and long will they have our best wishes and fervent prayers.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

Much has been published in the Herald about congregational singing. Its importance has been emphatically asserted, and ably argued; though as yet we have heard of very few instances of its success in convincing a doubting public of its feasibility. We have the good fortune, however, at St. Paul's, to see and hear it "in the full tide of successful experiment." It was introduced about two months since, and has met the highest anticipations of its advocates. True, it makes a little additional care, "but where there is a will, there is a way;" and the satisfaction of hearing one or two hundred voices joining with the choir in the praise of God, more than compensates for all the extra labor. The choir is furnished with the hymns for the Sabbath, selects appropriate tunes, and passes them at the commencement of each service to the preacher, by whom they are announced to the congregation. After the close of the afternoon meeting, large numbers of the people remain half an hour or more, to practice tunes which, as far as possible, are sung on the following Sabbath. This exercise, conducted by our zealous and affable chorister, seems to be one of unmingled pleasure to all who participate in it. And certainly it is a most pleasant sight, to see whole families, parents and children, learning together the songs of Zion.

We have another efficient means of training the voices of the young. The superintendent of the juvenile department of the Sabbath School has very generously furnished a piano for the benefit of the school, and is successfully teaching the children the tunes sung in the public congregation.

An interest in the new mode of singing is deep and general; and we trust it will continue so, till all the people, having their hearts and voices tuned, shall unite to sing the high praises of God.

Our Sabbath School is in a most flourishing condition, and the prospects of the church are highly encouraging—but more of these, perhaps, at another time. JOSEPH H. TWOMBLY.
Lowell, Feb. 24.

For the Herald and Journal.

RAROTONGA—THE MISSIONARY.

It was during a passage from the Sandwich Islands to the United States, on the 5th Nov. 1850, that this beautiful island, like a dim speck in the western horizon was at length revealed to our expectant visions. For thirty days nought was seen but the canopy of heaven over our heads, and around us a wide and far extended waste of waters.

And now, as if to gladden the heart of the weary mariner, sunny mountains and verdant plains, tinged by the rays of the setting sun, were spread out before us. It seemed as though we were approaching the veritable Utopia, and could not rid ourselves of the idea that perfection must exist in so perfect a clime. But alas, not even this secluded spot is exempt from the evils which have afflicted and continue to afflict the sons of earth. Its fair fields have been deluged in blood, and many a hopeless victim has fallen a sacrifice to the superstitions of his race, under the false and mistaken impression that such a sacrifice was necessary to appease the wrath of offended Deity.

This island was first visited by Mr. Williams, an English missionary, who has published some very interesting accounts of the manners and customs of the inhabitants. He has since fallen a sacrifice whilst pursuing his Christian duties at the New Hebrides Islands. Only thirty years ago, four men belonging to an English vessel were massacred and eaten by the then savage inhabitants of Rarotonga. Since that time Christianity has dawned upon their dark minds, and effected a complete change; the war clubs and spears are laid aside, the war song is no longer heard; and if remembered at all, it is only to produce a shudder at the remembrance of former bloody scenes.

Mr. W. had for sometime been maturing a plan which was designed for the moral renovation of this people, and came from Tahiti in a small vessel for the purpose of carrying it out,

somewhere about the year 1820. Not liking the appearance of the natives he rather hesitated about landing, when Paphia, a youthful chief, whom he had educated as an assistant in the work, begged permission to swim ashore amongst his sable brethren, with the hope of winning them from the worship of idols to that of the true God. He at length consented, and Paphia, taking a copy of the Scriptures in his bosom—his sole companion—committed himself to an element with which the customs of his country had made him familiar, and struck out for the shore.

On landing he was surrounded by the natives, who expressed a strong desire to know his purpose in coming amongst them; they were told that they must lay aside their idols, and he would, together with his white father, instruct them in the worship of the only Being who could do them good. Paphia then took out the copy of the Scriptures, laying it carefully in the sun to dry. "How is this," says the natives, "he tells us to renounce our gods, but he is extremely careful to retain his own." After much conversation, and a variety of gestures and opinions amongst themselves, they rallied around their high chief, and proposed that the stranger be roasted, as they were desirous of feasting upon him. But Paphia had not been idle—he had exerted an influence upon the mind of the chief by his persuasive arguments, telling him if his people were to embrace Christianity there would be no more war, but the various tribes would see the necessity of uniting together in the promotion of the true religion.

The chief finally declared himself in favor of Paphia and his mission, which was at once a guarantee of safety and protection—and expressed a strong desire to be further instructed in these matters. This was an important point gained, and Mr. W. was then invited to come amongst them and be their teacher. He hesitated no longer, but set himself zealously to work, and his efforts were happily crowned with success. Mrs. W. united with him in the instruction of the youth, who soon proved themselves worthy of the effort. And now strangers can come amongst them with perfect safety, and be supplied with abundance of fresh provisions, together with the various kinds of fruits which grow within the tropics. Reader, does not your mouth water at the mention of *delicious pine apples*? These grow in great abundance, and can be purchased for a mere trifle. One feels perfectly at ease, property is quite as safe as at home. Verily a great change has come over this land; instead of rude savages, we find an industrious, happy race.

Paphia still lives, and his silvery locks are held in reverence; he is venerated as a being of a higher order, who has reclaimed and raised immortal intelligences who are destined with him hereafter to traverse fairer fields, enjoying fairer flowers. This island is situated in lat. about 20 deg. south, long. 160 deg. west, and is one of a small group commonly called the *Harvey Islands*. We landed on the north side, where was an opening in the reef which made it perfectly smooth, but on either hand the surf rolled and tumbled, causing a sheet of foam far and wide—were met by scores of natives, who waded into the water and took us upon their backs, carrying us to terra firma, and then hauled up our boats. Mr. Wm. Gill, an English missionary, met us upon the beach, and with a hospitality characteristic of his countrymen, engaged in missionary labors, invited us to his house, introducing us to his good lady, who was extremely courteous and agreeable, and my visit here will long be remembered as one of the bright spots in my existence. Mr. G. has a seminary where he instructs the young men with a view of sending them abroad upon the other islands who are as yet not so highly favored. He showed me some letters which he had received from an adjacent island from one of his native teachers, who wrote very encouragingly of his success, although he had been but a few weeks amongst them. He has a very fine house, located in a delightful valley, and surrounded by the boarding-houses of the young men engaged in their studies, *all the work of natives*. I observed a fine herd of cattle grazing in the vicinity, and partook of a draught of new milk, which was refreshing indeed. We procured refreshment in any quantity at a nominal value, and pleased with our reception from the family alluded to, as well as the harmless appearance of the natives throughout, took our leave. And long shall we remember the *Eden Island*, whose inhabitants, like Ethiopia, are "stretching out their hands to God," showing plainly that Christianity in its simplicity is capable of bettering the condition of our race.

ANONYMOUS.

G—, Maine, Feb. 1851.

GIRARD COLLEGE.

Ministers are not admitted. Fortunately for us, we are only a professor, and leave what fragments of divinity may chance to adhere to us in the parlor of the lodge, while we inquire for President Allen, our teacher sixteen years ago. He is grown so portly that we scarcely know him, and he, with equal difficulty, recalled the idea of our physical man; but, once fairly introduced, nothing could exceed the pleasure of the mutual recognition and discourse over the old time. He conducted us, in person, to all parts and through all the departments of this magnificent establishment. The main edifice is modelled after the Parthenon at Athens. Its colonnade is Corinthian, and single; that of the Parthenon was double, and Doric. But here comparison is at an end. The friezes of the Parthenon were the work of Phidias, and the pride not only of Grecian sculpture, but the architectural glory of the world. The Parthenon cost six millions; Girard College two! It is probably the proudest monumental pile since the Atlantic. Each of these magnificent columns cost fourteen thousand dollars; sufficient, column by column, to erect a substantial college edifice! On entering the lofty doorway, thirty-six feet in height, pay your respects to Stephen Girard. There he stands, right before you, in marble, with his hands crossed before him, in plain citizen's dress, just as he walked the streets of Philadelphia. A plain iron railing surrounds the statue, and keeps all comers at a respectful distance. At the right is the spacious council-room of the Board of Directors; at the left, the doorway of the great chapel. Beyond are recitation rooms. In one a professor was lecturing to the larger boys on anatomy. When he proposed a question dozens arose from their seats, and waved their hands in token of being able to answer. The fortunate fellow to whom he nodded, shouted the reply. In the rooms above were large classes under the care of female teachers. The tender age of the orphans requires, at present, maternal influence; and this they receive, both at the hands of their instructors and from the matrons of the boarding establishments. The rooms upon the third floor of the college are lighted from the roof.

Here is the library; here is the wardrobe of Girard—the old pantaloons, patched upon the knee with pieces of different colors, worn by the millionaire a short time before his death. Here are boxes of shipping papers, his secretary, and from safe. From thence clamber to the top of the immense structure. A roof of marble! Six thousand tons of marble in the roof alone will give the imagination or calculation of the enormous weight of other parts of the structure, or of the building as a whole. The building is all marble. Only one little staircase, leading to the roof, is of wood; the rest is all solid masonry. The reverberations of the lofty ceilings totally unfitted the rooms for school purposes. This had to be remedied by interposing an artificial ceiling of canvas or cotton cloth, to muffle the sound, or stifle the echoes which the slightest word or footfall generated by the million, in the vaulted chambers.

In the school-rooms, the desks and seats are elevated by the thickness of a single plank, lest the coldness or dampness of the stone-flagged floor should induce cold feet, and thus injure the health of pupils.

At five o'clock we went to the chapel for prayers. Across the entire west end of the chapel is an elevated platform. In its centre is a regular pulpit or reading-desk, occupied by the President, in isolated dignity. At his left was a splendid piano; on either hand, on settees and chairs, the faculty of the institution, and visitors, of which they have from one hundred and fifty to two hundred a day. Here collected, in quiet and order, three hundred orphan boys, each section under the care of its own director. Each had his hymn-book and Bible. Here three hundred voices joined to sing in moving melody,

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne."

No chance for infidelity or heterodoxy here, thought we, as the charming volume of infant voice rolled forth the sentiments, impressing themselves, doubtless, by the power of the ever-present Spirit, signally upon the infant heart:

"Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us."

When the President took up the Bible, after the singing, every pupil opened to the chapter named, and followed the reading with attention; and when he said, "Let us pray," every one knelt reverently, in his place, before that God who has promised to be a "father to the fatherless, and the widow's God." The sight was beyond measure affecting.

Under the efficient management of President Allen and the able Board of Directors, everything has been reduced to the most perfect system. The lads retired from the chapel as quietly as they had entered it. Merry was the shout that arose from the lawn appropriated for their playground, when the restraints of the day were over, they were permitted to exercise themselves before tea in the open air. We saw them at supper. They repair to the dining-hall in the same admirable order, section by section. As the procession, two and two, enters the door, they divide at the head of the table, and one line goes down one side, and the other the other, each to his appropriated seat. The fare is simple. Weak tea or water, bread and butter, or bread and molasses, constitute the healthful regimen. The washing-room was a curiosity. Every boy had a tin basin, towel, hair-brush, clothes-brush, tooth-brush, and looking-glass in himself. The supply of water from hydrants was plentiful, and once a week, or oftener, they were required to bathe in rooms or tubs prepared for the purpose. Every boy had drawers for his clothing, labelled with his name, and in the dormitories every one was provided with an iron bedstead, with plenty of bedding, covered with a counterpane of spotless whiteness. Nearly all the orphans are from the city and county of Philadelphia. To prevent the interference of friends, they are all indentured apprentices according to the laws of Pennsylvania. —Illinois Advocate.

DANGERS OF THE ITINERANCY.

BY REV. JAMES PORTER.

One of the principal dangers to this system is found in certain measures, which are sometimes adopted to procure the removal of preachers from a place at the close of their first year. The labor and perplexity of moving as much as we are obliged to, is very great. To be forced to move, therefore, when it is not plainly required by our rules, or the good of the cause, is trying to one's feelings. Now, our rules allow us to remain in a place two successive years, and reason and common observation teach that this is as often as is necessary for men of ordinary qualifications and industrious habits to move. Such men need not fill of filling up this brief period profitably. And by comparing those societies which retain their preacher two years, with those which change annually, it will be seen that they have a decided advantage. They are generally more stable and intelligent. A too frequent change of ministers tends to excitability and vacillation, as their permanent settlement does to stupefaction and spiritual decay.

It is, therefore, the opinion of many among us, that two years ought to be the rule, one the exception; and accordingly, unless objections are made to it, either by the preachers or the people, it should be expected that preachers will remain the second year, except where there are imperative claims for their services in another place. Either may propose a change to the appointing officer, and assign all the reasons for desiring it, in perfect accordance with the system, and without offence, provided it be done at a proper time, and in a proper way, and with the understanding that if he, after an impartial examination of the whole case, judge best, all things considered, for their connection to continue another year, they shall submit peaceably, as though no change had been proposed.

The danger lies in restless, dissatisfied members interfering as they ought not, so as, by agitating, to make it exceedingly unpleasant, and perhaps unprofitable, for the preacher to remain. This may be done under the cover of high professions, and on pretence of seeking the good of the cause, where a wicked and indomitable selfishness lies at the bottom. The preacher has in some way, perhaps, given offence or failed to please a few, who have deprived the church of a member who had for half a century stood up in vindication of its doctrines, and in defence of its faith, nature seemed to rally her force, but it only proved a precursor of the event which deprived us of a beloved father—he lay aside his glasses and read the finest print with as much ease as in his youth.

preacher's support is behind, this is all attributed to his unpopularity.

It is affirmed that it is impossible to support him another year, and to prove it they sometimes retail what they have heard each other say, or have surmised. And if all this sort of thing, carried on out of sight, is not likely to secure the object, they will bring matters to an open rupture, and thus create a state of things by Conference time which will render it hazardous both for preacher and people for him to remain, and not less so for him to leave.

That our church has been infected with a few such intermeddlers with constitutional itinerancy, is undeniable, however mortifying the fact. They are generally persons of some peculiarities, and often of very nice consciences about "mint, annis and cummin,"—difficult to please, inclined to complain of the present and glorify the past—ignorant and covetous. But as they are few in number, and we trust growing less every year, it is hardly worth while to say much concerning them.

Efforts are sometimes made for the same object from better motives, and in a better spirit, which are nevertheless injurious and hurtful. The preacher's feelings are injured, parties are formed and prejudices are engendered, which are calculated to alienate both preachers and people from the system. How such things may be avoided is an important question, upon which a few suggestions may not be out of place.

[To be continued.]

CONFESSION OF SIN.

We have a communication before us in which a case is stated, and a question proposed in relation to it which we judge deserves some attention. The case proposed is that of a clerk in a store, who had purloined from his employer a certain sum of money—his employer being entirely ignorant of the transaction. The question proposed now for solution is, Whether the said clerk ought to make confession of his theft to his employer; or would he meet the requirements of the Gospel by making restitution without confession?

The question of restitution is not raised, that is considered as a settled point. When anything is taken from another by injustice or fraud, the perpetrator of the deed is bound to restore his property to the injured party, and must restore it, before he can receive pardon from God. Whether he is bound to confess the act, when he can make restitution without such a confession, and the act is known only to God and himself alone, is quite another question, and is one well worth considering.

In order to be able to solve this question, it will be necessary to inquire, What is the end to be answered by confession in general?—that is, confession to man. If we rightly judge, the object of confessing to our fellow creatures is, 1. To make profession of our sorrow, and humiliation for our sins. 2. To give a sort of pledge of reformation. 3. Lastly, and principally, to do what we can to repair the injury we have inflicted upon the minds of others by a bad example.

We can conceive no other reason why the confession of our faults to one another is required. Now the question is, Whether either of these ends would require the confession of a sin to man, which was known to no one. We think the question may safely be answered in the negative. The confession itself might do injury; the guilty person may not be in the least suspected; and were he to expose himself, it might go far towards fixing a suspicion, in the mind of the injured party, of the honesty of others who had not been suspected; and even the voluntary confession of the delinquent might not wholly erase the bad impression which a knowledge of the instance of dishonesty would make upon his mind. In such a case, if any good whatever should result from the confession, it would be more than counterbalanced by the evil which it would produce; and could not therefore be required, or even justified.

The case we have undertaken to deal with is altogether different from one where an individual is charged with a crime, upon the evidence of suspicious circumstances, or is reasonably suspected. The charge, and even the suspicion, may set him in such an attitude before the world, as that his frank confession may constitute the only vindication of the right and the condemnation of the wrong of which he is capable. The charge or suspicion may rest on such grounds as will give the act all the bad effect upon the mind of others that it would have were it settled by the most indisputable proof, and yet be beyond the reach of such testimony as a civil or ecclesiastical court would admit. The crime charged may be incapable of legal proof, and yet the conviction which the public may have had of the guilt of the accused or suspected, may have all the force of a bad example, and besides, may be ruinous to his reputation and influence. In such a case confession is more or less extensive according to the nature of the case—may not only be an act of justice to the public, but may be the only redemption of the injured reputation of the accused. This is entirely a different case from the one proposed for our examination. In that case the character of the offender is supposed to be fair, his offence is not known to any other human being; pecuniary restitution is consequently complete reparation. The act would constitute no example, not being known; no public confession would consequently be necessary or proper. The injured individual, only suffering in his pecuniary interests, when the money is restored, with interest, he has no further claim. At the same time confession to God for the offence should be most humble and hearty.—Ch. Advocate.

For the Herald and Journal.

A PICTURE.

The subject of these few thoughts was born in the town of Gardiner, Me., Dec. 29, 1765, and died April 12, 1849, in his 84th year. He lived beyond the age of his fathers; and although time had laid its weighty hand upon him, and his furrowed cheek and silvery locks betokened his lengthened years, yet his mind was clear, his memory sound and unclouded, and calm as the summer evening—his work was done. To him the future brought no doubts, no fears—his event which deprived the church of a member who had for half a century stood up in vindication of its doctrines, and in defence of its faith, nature seemed to rally her force, but it only proved a precursor of the event which deprived us of a beloved father—he lay aside his glasses and read the finest print with as much ease as in his youth.

I called to see him early one morning, and found him seated beside his aged companion reading from the volume of truth. The impression of that scene can never be erased from the mind: there was the same voice that I was accustomed to hear in childhood—but the many

listeners, where were they? One was not, for death had already invaded the family circle; the dead were scattered, for ours is a *rolling life*. The chapter being concluded, this venerable man knelt and poured out his soul in prayer to Him who "tempereth the winds to the storm lamb." It was not a lengthy, formal multiplicity of words, but a devotion in which the soul was engaged, communing with its Maker. There was a radiant smile upon his countenance, lit up as it were by the rays of the morning sun, which communicated to the heart an idea of that Sun of Righteousness who appears with healing in his wings. I sometimes fancy I can see him still with his withered hand extended, pleading for the renovation of his fellow man—but his is now a nobler strain; immortal youth crowns his brow; new energies, new life is given to him which is eternal, un fading, undying. In his youth he had many hardships to encounter; reared in the wilderness, familiar with the howl of the wild beast, and the more frightful war-hoop of the savage Indian, he acquired a *hardihood* and proud bearing which would at first appear like austerity, yet this was ever accompanied with a humility that was childlike, keeping up an equilibrium and showing a well balanced mind. At an early age he embarked on ship-board, visiting foreign lands, familiarizing himself with all the hardships of a sailor's life, filling every station up to the command; at thirty retired upon a snug farm, and was satisfied to labor hard in the support of his numerous family. His house was ever the home of the early preachers, and Methodist was a password that always insured to them the kindest hospitality. It was one of these pioneer preachers that first enlisted the attention of our father, which resulted in a change from nature to grace; long did he seek for an experimental knowledge of the spirit of truth upon the heart, and happily obtained an abiding evidence, which he carried with him to the latest day; and when called to give up his account, it was with joy such as the redeemed can only know.

His companion was ever a co-worker with him, and lonely indeed must have been her lot to have been separated from one with whom she was associated for sixty years. But the separation was short: in a little more than a year she too was called to join her husband in a brighter world. They loved in life, in death they were not long separated. May the example ever be fresh in the memory of their children, until the fiat of nature shall summon them to the society of their parents, where separation is never known and kindred ties never broken. What a picture does it afford to the living—a retrospection of the past life of two servants of the Most High walking hand in hand over the barren waste, as well as verdant plains of earth, with a steadfast faith which gathers strength from the adverse scenes that beset them. However varied and changing their earthly hopes, this one immortal principle still urges them onward; and as they approach the goal, clearer views and brighter prospects gladden their enraptured visions.

Earth recedes, it disappears,
Heaven opens on their eyes, their ears.
Who does not remember the peculiarly plain dressed elderly lady who made it a point to comfort the afflicted and console the distressed; that plain bonnet, whose style was ever the same, regardless of the changing fashions around her; it was but a symbol of the inward principle that governed the actions—that too had in its turn passed away, but the remembrance of the many virtues of the individual is a sacred bequest, lasting as life.

Our remarks conclude after visiting the village graveyard, where is a plain, unpretending monument, with a hand pointing upward with this inscription: "Our record is on high."
ANONYMOUS.
P—, Me., Feb. 25.

WAYS TO HAPPINESS.

There are two ways of being happy. We may either diminish our wants, or augment our means; either will do the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and to do that which may happen to be the easiest. If you are idle or sick, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be easier than to augment your means. If you are active and prosperous, or young, or in good health, it may be easier to augment your wants. But if you are wise, you will do both at the same time; or old, sick, or well, rich or poor; and if you are very wise you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of society.

GENIUS IS ONLY HUMAN.

It seems a singular anomaly that a high order of excellence in the Fine Arts should be conjoined with debasing appetites. But alas! for our poor human nature, the most gifted of the human race have their besetting and grovelling infirmities, and the old proverb has a pungent truthfulness, "No man is great to his *salet de chambre*." Who could have believed the following gossip about the domestic habits of Handel, unless attested by stubborn facts?

Handel was a gross man, whose love of eating was anything but in accordance with the sublimity of his compositions. Can it be possible that the author of such heavenly strains, such a prodigy of the sublime, should have been the voracious glutton he is depicted? He used to order his dinner at an inn for two persons, and when the waiter inquired whether the company was not coming, (dinner being ready,) was told by the harmonist, in a voice of thunder, "I am the company; bring de dinner!"

If all that is said of Handel be true, he was sometimes either so sensible of this infirmity, or so fearful of not getting enough when invited out, that he took care to make an enormous repast before he went; and in one of those antipast he devoured a couple of chickens, half a dozen mackerel, and good part of a duck, and in less than two hours went to complete his dinner with a nobleman. Handel was, in fact, an indulger of his appetite to excess.

SCIENTIFIC.

FLAX-COTTON.—The English papers announce that an important discovery has been made in the substitution of flax for cotton. They further state that large quantities of flax are produced in the north of Ireland; that its production is capable of being immensely increased, and that the formation of a company with a capital of £1,000,000, for the purpose of fostering it, has been sanctioned by the Government. It seems, too, that by a new invention the tedious and costly process of steeping is entirely superseded. No chemical agents are employed, and the fiber is handed over to the spinner in a perfectly natural and unimpaired state. It adds: "Hardly less important is the invention of the Chevalier Clousen, by which the coil of flax is divided and the warmth of cotton or woolen imparted to unsteeped flax. The machinery of the cotton-mill is applicable to the conversion of the flax into yarn. In Manchester some of the new product is to be seen, which is known by the name of flax-cotton." Another paper, the Morning Chronicle, says that flax-cotton "possesses all the warmth of wool, the softness of cotton, and the glossiness of silk, and the touch, that we should neither credit the fact ourselves nor trust the faith of our readers by the assertion, had we not before us actual samples of the result produced, exhibiting in one and the same bundle of fibers the raw flax at one end and the quasi silk or cotton at the other."

A plan of stopping railroad trains by electricity, thus dispensing with the use of "brakes," has just been invented, and is on exhibition in New York city. It is said that it will stop a train in half the time now required, and with far less jarring. Scientific men think it entirely feasible.

The Scientific American has a letter from George Cadwallader Blaney, Fort Washita, Arkansas, stating that he has discovered, and applied for patents, in that country and Europe, for a mode of making a cheap and brilliant gas, produced upon a new and scientific principle, which can be obtained at a cost of less than one cent per thousand feet. Mr. Blaney says the process will far surpass every other means of producing gas extant; neither will the material rise in value on account of an increased demand. During the process, another article more valuable than the gas itself is produced. Neither is there required, during the operation, a single particle of wood, coal, water, or vegetable matter, and the material can be obtained in any climate or place, however remote from civilization.

AN EXPERIMENT.—A new light was displayed from the light of the State Island, at Fort Tompkins, Wednesday night, for brilliancy and clearness surpassing any thing of the kind ever shown in this country. It is an invention of Professor Grant, to whom Congress appropriated \$5,000, for experimental purposes. From about half past five, until 11 minutes after 8 o'clock, the rays of the light were thrown on Castle Garden, a distance in a direct line of 8-1/2 miles, where the superiority of this light over any other, at least on our coast, was clearly demonstrated. After that time, the light was so arranged as to rest the rays on the light ship, anchored about 4-1/2 miles South-East from Sandy Hook, which, no doubt, a similar effect to that witnessed previously.—N. Y. Express.

A PARISH INVENTOR thinks he has at last discovered the long-sought desideratum, a machine for setting type. He has been at work upon it for fifteen years, and having completed it, has entered it for exhibition at the World's Fair. It comprises both a distributor and setting-stick, is effected at a low price, and will set ten thousand lines an hour. It is said not to interfere with the regular appointments of a printing office, and requires no new characters.—Philadelphia Sun.

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

AFRICA, Cape Palmas.—In Rev. F. Burns' Journal just received, he says:—

By a letter received from Sinoe, written by Bro. Hatt, I learn that his health is not only improved, but that the Lord is pouring out his Spirit there. About 40 have joined the church on trial.

Letters from CALIFORNIA and OREGON are encouraging. They still call for more men. The work is being divided into circuits, and here and there a station in a large town. Our academies are beginning to assume form and character in Oregon, and measures are taken to select a good location in California, and Bro. Bristow is there as Principal. The Board have thought it advisable to authorize five more missionaries to be sent at the discretion of the Superintendent of our foreign missions; and one male and two female teachers to be named to assist in the Oregon Institute and Portland Academy. Many and effectual doors are opened wide in various parts of our country and of foreign lands. The church must enable us to do our part in the great work of evangelizing the world.

PROVOCATION.—While we were on a missionary tour to the Southwest we perceived a spirit abroad which is well characterized by the words of the Apostle: "Provoke one another to love and to good works." We observed that Harrisburg and Chambersburg were provoked; and since then, upon a visit to Rev. Dr. McClintock to Carlisle, the Carlisleans were quite provoked; for their contribution to the missionary cause was \$304, besides \$50 for the Sabbath School, making the contribution to this year to be about \$350. We incline to think that if our city churches do not look well to it, the country churches will provoke them rather than they the country churches.

IT REMAINS TO BE SEEN, however, for since writing the above we were at a meeting held in the Second-City Church, New York, and in a few minutes they, in a most delightful manner, made up their annual collection to about \$130—probably above that amount. "And I now perceive the secret of their large collections for missionary purposes in New York," said one of the speakers, and a missionary for Oregon, "they turn their missionary meetings into love feasts."

AT EIGHTEENTH ST., New York, a meeting was held on Tuesday night, the 25th of February, without having given them time enough to think about it; for they were just informed that, if they wished, they might have the presence and hearty voices of our brethren going to Oregon and California; an offer which they readily accepted, and contributed \$130 for the privilege.

THE CHURCH IN BREMEN.—There was a great disappointment felt at the special meeting of the Board on the 24th of February, to learn that the actual receipts by the treasurer at New York, and assistant treasurer at Cincinnati, for the building the first Methodist Episcopal Church in Germany did not exceed \$750. The consequence of this was that the Board resolved that it would not take any obligations toward building the church until two-thirds of the whole estimated cost shall have been actually received for the express purpose. We regret this state of the case exceedingly; it was unexpected. The effect upon the mission will be bad; its hopes will be disappointed, its bearings will fall short of what they ought to be. But this state of the case must now be borne another year; and longer too, unless the friends of this mission especially will contribute liberally and promptly. So were more of the funds would be forthcoming, that we rather discouraged large contributions at any one anniversary, and have even held back a noble proposition from Philadelphia. We will now give it, as well as make this appeal. We are sure contributions have been made which have not yet reached the treasurers; we hope such contributors, or the treasurers of such societies as have contributed, will forward them promptly, either to the Rev. G. Lane, New York, or Rev. L. Swormstedt, Cincinnati.

Owing to the high price of ground in Bremen it is thought that a respectable church, such as the mission ought to have, will cost \$10,000. The proposition from Philadelphia is made by Bro. P. D. Myers, one of the superintendents of the St. George's Sunday School. It was made on the 29th of October last, but has been held over because another proposition of individual offerings was before the church. Our purpose was to fall back on Brother Myers' proposition, if we did not succeed with the first. We shall now with confidence put forth the proposition from Philadelphia. It is that fifty Sunday Schools shall give \$100 each, or that one hundred Sunday Schools shall give \$50 each, for the building of the first Methodist Episcopal Church in Germany, in the city of Bremen. The proposition made by Bro. Myers and his colleagues is in these words:—

"The Jerusalem Missionary Society of St. George's M. E. Church, Philadelphia, will be one of fifty Sunday Schools to give \$100 each for the building of the church in Bremen, and giving four or six months to do it. One hundred for the fifty will make \$5,000. Won't this build it? If one school can't do it, let two or three join together, and then it can be done. Can't the children of

this Union raise five hundred thousand pennies? I wish they would give Alexander, the coppernail, a good run of business."

Yours affectionately, D. P. MYERS.

We propose that a suitable and honorable record of the donations made by the Sunday Schools for this purpose shall be made and placed in the church to be built, either on a slab of marble, or in a suitable book prepared for the purpose, and placed in the church.

We have said that we fear that the building of the church will be postponed one year. But if we could realize \$7,000 by the 25th of April, or the 1st of May, we might possibly get the building under cover the coming autumn.

Will the Sunday Schools and generous individuals act promptly in this matter? Remit to Bro. Lane, or Bro. Swormstedt, as said above.

Gerald and Journal.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1851.

OUR EPISCOPACY—SHALL IT BE REINFORCED?

With the history of no other department of our system, we have reason to be more satisfied than with that of our Episcopacy. It has throughout been characterized by a purity, a dignity and an evangelical heroism which may challenge a parallel in the modern church. The first class of our Bishops comprised Coke, who had more of the missionary spirit than any other man of his age, Asbury, tireless in labor, and whose travels averaged, during nearly half a century, the circumference of the globe every four years, and Whatcoat whose character was saintly in its purity. The second class, including McKendree, Roberts and George, was marked by unimpeachable wisdom, indefatigable labors and great purity of character. The third class, Soule, Holding, and Emory, was distinguished by rare traits of intellectual and moral greatness; the last class, Waugh, Morris, Andrew, Hamline and James, have with a single exception maintained the reputation of the office, for wisdom, diligence and integrity—the exception of Bishop Andrew is one upon which there may be justly claimed the right to differ in opinion. The Great Head of the church has assuredly put his seal upon this function of our ecclesiastical system. It has always seemed to us that a special Providence has guarded it. It has been degraded by no instance of apostasy—no impeachment or even suspicion of moral character. In a quarter of a century, during which we have had a general knowledge of the church, we have not heard of a single just charge of oppression or maladministration against it, and at no time for about three quarters of a century, could any Methodist have hesitated to say, that if the ministry and denomination generally were but up to the standard of character presented by the Episcopacy, they would be a glory in the world. This is saying much, but it is said with sober and literal truthfulness.

Of the practical effectiveness of the office we will not speak—it is manifest through all our progress as a church—it is the manifesting of our itinerant apparatus.

With such views any considerable modification of the office must be a matter of serious interest to the church. We could not, indeed, consistently with our convictions of its importance, advocate any change that should tend to abridge its functional capabilities; and the modifications we propose are such only as, in our judgment, will invigorate them.

Two such improvements of the Episcopacy have been proposed, viz., the increase of its incumbents, and their designation for given periods to given districts of the church.

Our readers are aware that we are strongly in favor of the first suggestion; it is recommended to us by every advantage that recommends the office itself. If it has peculiar influence and effectiveness, why should we not multiply on a generous and even large scale these advantages especially now when the church has grown to such an extent of resources, numbers and moral power in the land, and needs the "multitude of counselors," with whom is safety, and the energies and guidance of not merely powerful men, but powerful men in powerful positions.

We have heretofore referred to the policy of the Papal and Protestant Episcopal churches in this respect. Their history teaches them the expediency of multiplying Episcopal officers as fast as their denominational extension will admit. Now dioceses are formed almost yearly, and often when scarcely twelve pastors compose them; it is well understood among them that a wise and efficient chief will give importance and confidence and energy to the feeble band, and draw upward with him all the interests of the incipient cause. It is said that this is owing to the mere functional dignity and importance of the office, rather than to any inherent energy in the office; we don't believe it—we believe that rightly devised offices of administrative labor, like rightly contrived machinery, have a real energy of their own, and their dignity depends upon their suitability and utility. But, granting that it is so, has not our Episcopacy its peculiar official influence; is it not felt everywhere among us; and if wisdom, talents, piety, catholicity and respect before the church in high function, can be brought to bear more largely on its regards and its interests, why shall we not avail ourselves of the fact?

We contend then for the multiplication of our superintendents, because it will bring out into the more general service of the church our most capable men. Such men there are among us in abundance. They are useful in their present spheres, and most of them must abide there; but we would have more of them and the best of them transferred from their present comparatively local positions into this, where their energies shall be felt through the whole length and breadth of the church.

A result then of this improvement, and therefore a reason for it, will be, that all the great interests of the church will share the influence of the office.

With our present limited number of superintendents, their attention is almost absorbed by the mere business of the Conference sessions. Great as is the moral influence of the office, it is not brought directly to bear in the church on scarcely anything else than the annual appointments and a sermon or a few addresses during the Conference session. We hope we shall not be misunderstood if we do not stop to qualify the remark by the admission of one or two exceptions, the result of self-sacrificing assiduity, and of our Bishops. We state but what is visible to all of us. The office is valued by our people; it is revered by them, but it is hardly seen by them. Now we believe it is high time that it should, by a large reinforcement, be enabled to make itself felt beyond this mere perfunctory routine. We should have Bishops enough to traverse the church, preaching, counselling, inspiring the societies, especially the feeble ones, attending our anniversaries, dedications, commencements and great revivals—we would have all the leading interests of the church fed their presence and official influence—we would in fine have them out among the multitudes of the people as chief pastors, and go among them as we know they would, in the fulness of the Gospel of Christ. This is what our people want, and we are sure that if our discussion of the subject tend to bring about what we know to be their universal wish in this respect, they will own another obligation to Zion's Herald in addition to some which they already acknowledge.

So obvious to us appear the advantages of the course now recommended that we cannot for a moment see why it should be a subject of misgiving to any sensible man. Assured we are that in New England we have the general concurrence of preachers and people. How would all our hearts welcome the habitual presence and co-operation of one of our beloved superintendents? How invaluable to our denominational interests would his residence and constant travels among us be? Let him be but a man whose abilities and moral character are up to his office, and what man among us does not see that, under the blessing of God, his services would be altogether inestimable to us? And the like may be affirmed of every other section of the church.

We might argue further in favor of this measure, from the fact that our present number of Bishops is quite inadequate to the duties of the office. They are perishing under their burdens. Coke, Asbury and Whatcoat knew comparatively little of the present anxieties and pressure of the office. Their Conferences were not only fewer, but most of them were scarcely larger in numbers and business than

our modern Quarterly Conferences. Till about thirty-five years ago, there had never been more than eight or nine comparatively light sessions a year, though we had three Bishops to attend them. As late as 1825 we had but five Conferences and five Bishops to attend them; now, besides all the Pacific coast, we have thirty (including Liberia, which ought to be visited) and but five Bishops—the identical number we had a quarter of a century ago. When it is considered what momentous interests of Missions, Education, &c., have sprung up among us within this period, and that our actual membership (in the Northern division of the church alone) is more than double, and the preachers to be stationed about three times as many as they were then, will it not appear that we have been abnormally negligent of this great department of our moral power? And is it matter of wonder that our Bishops fall under their responsibilities? or that their absorption in merely ecclesiastical business has rendered their official presence scarcely appreciable to the popular mind of the church? The reform we propose is in fact but the restoration of the office to its original pastoral character. Asbury and Coke's office to five Conferences a year, amounting in real business to little more than that of so many modern Districts, and the fifteen Conferences of a later date for five Bishops, rendered it possible for them to go at large through the land, sounding the alarm from the pulpit, and encouraging and building up the churches—now that our cause has multiplied so greatly, we propose simply that the Episcopacy shall be reinforced in a like proportion, that its original pastoral character may be maintained, or rather regained.

We shall not intend the reader to refer to the objections of increased expense, and the want of men. The first is not deserving of consideration in such a connection—the church would be reimbursed for it a hundred fold, and we believe would not hesitate one instant at the thought; the aid which the co-operation of the office would afford to a few of our anniversary occasions, would more than make up to the church the increased expenditure. The men are abundant among us. Were it not invidious we could nominate a score of them against whom no reasonable objection could be alleged.

We have said nothing thus far of the number of superintendents which our work at present demands. This is not an important point in the discussion. If our next General Conference should, however, be content with a less number than twelve, we should certainly regret it as a lack of what we deem good policy and good enterprise. The time has come in that time, parsimonious policy which for years cramped our look business, our missionary schemes, and nearly all our great interests should be conclusively repudiated. Our boundaries are extending on every hand, our numbers swelling into immense multitudes; wealth, with its advantages and its perils, is pouring in upon us like a flood; new resources are rising up among us; great resources and great opportunities are all about us; let us investigate all our great agencies proportionately if they would make these increased means tell on the progress of the kingdom of our Lord.

FLAX VERSUS COTTON.

The last news from England seems quite decisive of the question respecting the late improvements in the manufacture of flax—improvements that promise to affect very seriously the institution of American slavery. The papers are discussing the subject with much interest.

The London correspondent of the New York Commercial gives the latest information respecting the expected success of the flax. "When the prepared flax or 'cotton flax' was first shown to our most experienced manufacturers there was great distrust as to the possibility of spinning a thread from it by the cotton spinning machines, and the Manchester Guardian states its firm belief that the anticipations of the inventor would never be realized. Four days ago, however, it acknowledged that an experiment had been performed with striking results. A sample of yarn was spun at the mill of John Bright & Brothers, of Rochdale, consisting of the prepared flax mixed with equal weight of cotton, and it was admitted to be of a quality such as would answer for the largest proportion of our manufactures. The question has thus apparently been rendered simply one of price. The Manchester Guardian still hesitates to believe that in this respect it can come into competition with cotton, except at periods like the present; but on the contrary, M. Clausen asserts that he will be ready in a few days to supply the prepared flax at 4d. to 6d. per lb., while of course still greater cheapness may be expected from an extended and improved cultivation of flax, and also from the increased efficiency which is noticeable in all new inventions when they are brought into active and profitable operation.

We learn from the same source that the products of Mr. Clausen's invention are what he calls 'flax cotton,' 'flax flax,' 'flax wool,' and 'flax silk.' The first of these consists of a mixture of flax and cotton carded together. The flax, flax consists of the pure flax. The 'flax wool' is a combination of flax and wool carded together, so as to admit of being spun and woven on the existing woolen machinery, making a cloth which from its durability, quality and cheapness, will cause a great reduction in the prices. The 'flax silk' is a similar combination with silk, and is alleged to form a material equal to that from silk alone.

The Commercial's correspondent speaks hopefully of the prospects of the new manufacture. It says that the results thus far have awakened the strongest interest, and that a considerable number of the leading men have given the cultivation of flax for the coming season. A company with a Royal charter is about to be formed, with a capital of \$1,000,000 sterling, who will offer to the Irish farmers \$12 per acre, exclusive of the seed, for all the flax they may raise. At present, about 200,000 cwt. annually. The largest quantity is obtained from Russia. Some is also sent from Prussia and the Netherlands, and small quantities arrive from Italy and France. It is an exceedingly exhausting crop, and thrives admirably upon lands which have been reclaimed from peat.

We give some further information on the subject in our department of Science and Art.

TEMPERANCE BLOCK IN THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

We learn from the New York Tribune, that the Board of Managers for the Washington National Monument, have signified to E. C. Delavan their willingness to receive from him a block of marble with the Temperance Declaration, already signed by eight Presidents of the United States, and to assign to it, in the great National Edifice, a becoming and appropriate position. It will be placed in the structure so as to enable all succeeding Presidents to add their signatures should they desire to do so.

The declaration was signed by Presidents Madison, Jackson, and Adams, on its being presented to them by Mr. Delavan; succeeding Presidents have added their signatures to it as they have come into office with the exception of President Harrison, who died before an opportunity was offered to present it to him.

The declaration as it now stands, is as follows. It was prepared before the total abstinence pledge was adopted: "Being satisfied, from medical testimony, that Ardent Spirits as a drink is not only needless, but harmful, and that the entire disuse of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue and the happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction that, should the citizens of the United States, and especially the young men, discontinue entirely the use of it, they would not only promote their own personal benefit, but the good of our country and the world."

(Signed)—JAMES MADISON, ANDREW JACKSON, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, M. VAN BUREN, JOHN TYLER, JAMES K. POLK, Z. TAYLOR, MILLARD FILLMORE.

BISHOP HAMLINE. The Michigan Ch. Advocate contains a letter from Rev. C. C. Nichols, who says:—I have just returned from Northwestern Illinois; had the pleasure of seeing our much beloved and afflicted Bishop Hamline, at Peoria, where he has been detained since last fall on account of his poor health. I saw him on the 15th, 25th, and 26th of January—spent part of the Sabbath with him at his room. In reply to what I should say to his Michigan friends as to his health, he said that I could not represent it as better than it was. He is a severely afflicted saint—has an affection of the heart, also is predisposed to numb palsy, and has very violent paroxysms of his disease, which increase in violence as they increase in number, which lead his friends to fear that the next one may separate him

from them. On the 26th day of January he said that he had suffered more pain than at any previous time; also, on that day that his enjoyments were greater than ever before—that he felt the Saviour especially near to him—had been made greatly to rejoice—his work is done; and in view of his not being able to labor any more in the vineyard of his Master, he greatly desires to depart and be at rest with his Saviour.

THE NEW YORK LITERATURE FUND.

We learn from the Northern Advocate that \$40,000 of this fund have recently been apportioned among the literary institutions of this State. Our own share largely in the appropriations. Genesee Wesleyan Seminary obtains the largest amount of any institution. The following are some of the amounts as given by the Advocate:—Amherst Seminary, \$455.57; Fallis Seminary, \$540.33; Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, \$1,161.13; Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary, \$276.92; Oneida Conference Seminary, \$752.02. What a generous and noble provision is this fund!

METHODIST PRESS.

Christian Advocate, &c.—Church Congress—Southern Mission—California—The "Border."

The Christian Advocate and Union continues its sketches of Early Methodism. "Melancthon," who has been advocating three years' appointments, is replied to by "Luther," who opposes the change. We shall have something to say on this subject soon.

The Northern Advocate's New York correspondent, referring to the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, now sunk in opulence and worldliness, says:—

Shall Methodism ever step down from its lofty moral eminence, or succumb to this aggressive spirit, in order to worldly aggrandizement and influence? This is one of the great practical questions now before the church; and the answer must be given. If it yields to this influence, her spirituality, her life, departs from her, and she will be numbered with those who have the form, but deny the power of godliness. If it boldly stems the current, we must not be surprised if now and then some of our "wealthy families"—smitten by the beauties of the service, or convinced of the doctrine of "uninterrupted succession"—seek a home elsewhere. Nay, we must not wonder, if some who were in the gutter, or upon the dunghill, when Methodism found them, and who are indebted to Methodism for all their worldly enjoyments, should in the day of their prosperity turn their backs upon it, and forsake its communion. Or if they should not themselves go, their children, who but for Methodism would have been ragged, poverty-stricken, and vagabond, discover that its requirements are too strict, its communion not sufficiently refined, and soon are found where the way to heaven is "made easy." These are not all matters of speculation. The grave question is before us.

The Richmond Advocate speaks as follows of the Southern California Mission:—

Dr. Boring anticipates the formation of an Annual Conference in California during the present spring. Dr. Wightman, in noticing the encouraging fact suggests that it be called the Pacific Conference, as the first and comprehensive title of a series of Conferences, which are the close of the present century will skirt the borders of the ocean and spread backward until they meet the pioneer preachers from Arkansas, Missouri, and the ever-advancing frontiers of the West. We second the motion, and since the Northern Methodist missionaries have predicted that we cannot succeed on the shores of the Pacific, we hope our brethren will take the suggested name, and that they will ever indicate the character of the work, and in its history and success in saving souls be distinct as the sea, and endless as its waves.

The Southern Advocate contains some animadversions on Dr. Wiggins, who, though he denounces the "Ninth Section," as "foolish," &c., yet would retain it out of policy for the "border." The Advocate says:—

We hope, however, to be able to convince Dr. Wiggins that he is in error in supposing that the removal of the Section would be evil, when the opposite is true. The removal of the Section is a question of the highest importance, and it is in our duty to maintain the removal of the Section would be a benefit in view of the church.

NEW YORK CITY CORRESPONDENCE.

Agricultural College in the State of New York—Experimental Farm—Advocate—Plan.

New York, March 5, 1851. Among the acts recently introduced into our State Legislature, is one "to establish the Agricultural College of the State of New York," and "to which there shall be attached an experimental farm." This subject is not new, nor is it now, for the first time brought before the favor of the Legislature. It has often been presented to the public favor by several of our governors, and many of our farmers are becoming aware of the truth, and that good use may be made of agricultural pursuits means a judicious application of knowledge—it is not confined to the handling of the hoe, spade or the plough.

The State of New York can boast of her skillful mechanics, her enterprising merchants and her proud mariners; still her chief interest is agricultural. In 1840, the census returned 456,000 persons engaged in agriculture, 173,000 in manufactures, and 60,000 in commerce and other pursuits. This is a strong argument of itself, why the farming interest should be favorably considered and protected. Our lands might doubtless produce more improved cultivation. The average production per acre is

	Wheat.	Oats.	Potatoes.
England, is	28	65	350
Scotland, is	32	55	400
Flaxlands, is	32	52	250

These estimates refer to lands which have been cultivated for centuries, and renovated by the modern and new system of cultivation. No lands in our State furnish such results. Among the best cultivated counties are Dutchess and Columbia, where only 15 bushels of wheat, 30 of oats and 150 of potatoes are the average crops to the acre.

With proper information and culture, doubtless increased productiveness would be extended over the State. We need agricultural colleges. There are such in Europe, and at London and Edinburgh have been established veterinary colleges, with great success, the latter of which have from 70 to 100 pupils every session. There are a few agricultural schools in the United States, and among them the Rensselaer Institute, situated on the School Farm on Thompson's Island in your harbor. This institution, I believe, is devoted to the instruction of orphan boys, and has been eminently successful in uniting physical labor with mental instruction. Then we should not pass by the princely endowment of your late Mr. Bussey, for an agricultural college in Massachusetts. Upon the death of the present possessor, the large fortune of \$400,000, goes to Harvard University, with a special appropriation of \$200,000 for such an institution at Brookline.

The plan of the proposed college in this State embraces the following professors: a professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy, of Natural History and Geology, of Mathematics, Engineering, and Practical Surveying; of Botany and Horticulture; of History, Law, and General Science; Veterinary Art and Anatomy. To these will be added a farmer, gardener, carpenter, mason and blacksmith, a knowledge of which arts is so essential in the management of a farm. An annual allowance is asked of the Legislature for \$10,000, until it shall have been ascertained by experiment that the institution can sustain itself. The farm, 600 acres, and all the proper buildings, is estimated to cost \$90,000, and will accommodate 500 students. There will be two terms, one commencing the first of February, and continuing to the summer vacation; the other to begin about the 20th of August, and terminate the middle of December. In summer the students will labor four hours daily—in winter three.

Such are the outlines of the plan. It would be in fact the Normal School of farmers; and they would feel

by its establishment, more than ever, that their noble employment was truly deemed the mother of arts. In our Republic, as was the case in ancient Greece and China, it should be the study of those in authority, to honor and encourage a pursuit which makes man more than any other, the distributor of the bounties of his Creator.

DELTA.

LETTER FROM NEWARK, N. J.

The People—Business—Climate—Methodism in Newark—Free and Pewel Churches—Revival—Preachers.

It may be some of your patrons would read a few lines from the writer concerning affairs in this neighborhood, though just out of Yankee land. That land is the home of nearly all my old friends, who live in such perpetual freshness in my memory and affection, that I am continually tormented with an inclination to report myself, for the present, I must submit to know very little of them.

About the middle of last May I found myself, unexpectedly and at short notice, transferred under the superintendence of our loved and venerable Bp. Hedding, and located in the Clinton Street charge of this city—a destiny which no man who loves God and his church need to dread. My people are kind, enterprising, intelligent and pious; and what like such a people will cause an itinerant minister in a land of strangers, to feel at home. Neither are my people, so far as I can learn, an exception to our general community in this region. Industry and thrift are their great business features. The extent of manufacturing here has surprised me: carriages, cloths, hats, shoes, jewelry, rubbers, trunks, machinery, etc. The population is rapidly increasing, and is now nearly forty thousand. In social and benevolent feeling and habit, it exceeds all other communities in which it has been my fortune to reside.

The climate is mild and generally healthy. Bilious complaints are prevalent, and in some parts of the city, chills and fever sometimes occur. The winter has been mostly mild. We have had no sleighing, and scarcely two inches of snow at any one time. The Passaic River and our bays have been mostly clear of ice for several weeks, and small vessels pass without obstruction. The population is well informed, moral and church-going; and having the sin of intemperance—which is awfully prevalent—has rarely known a community so moral and religious.

Methodism is pretty strongly represented in this city; our sixth house of worship is now being erected; it is a large, and will be an expensive and beautiful edifice—pewel house. There is not so much prejudice here against pewel houses as in many parts; the disparagement which this enterprise encounters here, so far as I can judge, is not mainly because it is to be pewel, but simply in view of the mode of building, or investing capital in this. This single exception aside, the most perfect harmony exists in all our borders, and this we hope is subsiding. I do not think the New Jersey Methodists do understand how to build pewel churches quite as well as Eastern Methodists, but they do understand much better how to build free ones. Nothing surprised me more than to see with what princely magnificence they build elegant and spacious houses, without selling or renting a seat! These are the houses that draw the people, and thousands of them become converted who would otherwise perish forever. It seems to the writer that large communities should have both free and pewel houses, by which to reach all classes effectually. Methodism can never fulfill its great mission in this country without providing for these unending demands of the community—demands not necessarily small, but originating in the diversity of human life, education and habit; and to attempt to thrust all the community upon an iron form, in seating our congregations, is not only a childish folly, but it cuts off from us a large and respectable portion of the people. If it were merely a choice, between free and pewel seats, it would be different, but not unfrequently it is, and must be a pewel house or none—here and here only build them.

All our churches in this city at this time are having a glorious revival visitation, and have been for several weeks. Probably nearly or quite three hundred have professed conversion, and the good work is still rapidly progressing. The divine influence which pervades all our large assemblies is most remarkable. God is emphatically with us. Great outpourings of God's Spirit are also enjoyed in many other States in this Conference.

The New Jersey preachers, so far as I have become acquainted with them, are a gentlemanly, enterprising, laborious and pious class of men, under whose faithful labors, with the divine blessing, our church is rapidly extending itself in this State.

Some little fire is entertained by a class of men, that our Biblical Institute—in which we have so much confidence and interest—is not exactly Methodist in its tendency. But as its real character and design are becoming better understood, I think there is a growing sympathy with it; and I hope the day is not far distant, when the noble souls men of N. J. Conference will yield to this important and much needed enterprise in our church, that countenance and support which eight other Conferences have already given.

Yours truly, L. D. BARROW.

Newark, March 4.

POINTS OF DISCIPLINE.

Points of Law—Chairman of the Board of Trustees—Of the Missionary Conference—Superintendent Preachers.

Bro. STEVENS.—As custom differs in reference to some of the points referred to below, you will please give the following an insertion in the Herald.

Where Trustees are appointed according to the rule of Discipline, the preacher in charge is chairman of their meetings. The preacher in charge is also chairman of the committee on missions, (Dis. pp. 173, 180).

A superintendent preacher, whether member of your Conference or any other Conference, is not a member of your church. A superintendent preacher cannot be a member of an official board. If free will members of the board of his own Conference, he is a member of the Quarterly Conference where he resides. If he live beyond the bounds of his own Conference, he is not a member of any Quarterly Conference. A local preacher may be a steward or a leader; without one of these offices he is not a member of the board of stewards and leaders.

Signed, E. HEDDING.

Poughkeepsie, Sept. 13.

Hence he can be neither a steward nor a class leader.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for March, contains the following list of notices:—

- I. Memoirs and Writings of J. H. Perkins.
- II. Complete Positive Philosophy.
- III. Unitarians in the 16th and 17th centuries.
- IV. Southey's Life and Correspondence.
- V. Justification by Faith.
- VI. Astronomical Observatory at

For the Herald and Journal.

THE ITINERANT'S WIFE.

There are gleamings of light o'er her varying path,
Though shadows across it may glow,
But many an hour the wanderer hath
When the shadows offend come;
For she thinks of the haunts of her childhood still,
And her pale cheeks glow and her pulses thrill
At the holy name of home.

There's a charm in her cottage, though rude it may be,
The sunlight doth cheerly come
Through its small window-panes, and the bird and the bee
Have built 'neath its sheltering dome
But I gaze on the group by the wide kitchen fire,
And O, is it sinful if I too desire
The gentle endearments of home?

O little ye think who for long rolling years
In the toils of friendship abide,
Of the numberless duties, the griefs and the fears
That meet the itinerant's bride.
When the weary stranger yet tenderly bless,
How little ye seek of the loneliness
To her varying station allied.

Think not that she murmurs; no! hush! is the sigh,
While the clouds o'er her pathway are driven;
For a glorious mission, a trust from on high
To her hath been sacredly given.
She lights the head the itinerant bears,
His toils and his sorrows she cheerfully shares,
And points to the glories of heaven.

And see 'mong the thorns, how the fair roses bloom!
How fadeless the hues that they wear!
Soft light, lo! they glow, the shadows illumine,
And brightens the dull brow of care.
Our God is our father, his house is our home,
And bright guardian spirits in angel bands come
To guide the wayward traveller there.

HELEN. HARMONY.

MISCELLANY.

THE ANGEL OVER THE RIGHT SHOULDER.

"A woman's work is never done," said Mrs. James. "I am sure I thought I should get through by sundown, and here is this lamp now on which I must go and spend half an hour before it will burn."

"Don't you wish you had never been married?" said Mr. James, with a good natured laugh.

"Yes," rose to Mrs. James's lips, but a glance at her husband, and two little urchins, who, with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, were tumbling over him, checked that reply.

"I should like the good without the evil, if I could have it," she said.

"I am sure you have no great evils to endure," replied her husband.

"That is just all you gentlemen know about it. How would you like it if you could not get an uninterrupted half hour to yourself from morning to night? What would become of your favorite studies?"

"I do not think there is any need of that. I know your work could be arranged so systematically as to give you some time to call your own."

"Well, all I wish is," was the reply, "that you could follow me round for one day, and see what I have to do."

When the lamp was trimmed, the conversation was resumed. Mr. James had been giving the subject some thought.

"Well," said he, "I have a plan to propose, and I wish you to promise me that you will accede to it. It is an experiment, and I wish you to give it a fair trial, please me."

After hesitating awhile, as she had great reason to suppose it would be quite impracticable, she at last promised.

"This is my plan. I want you to take two hours out of every day for your own private use. Make a point of going up into your own room and locking yourself in, and let the work go undisturbed if it must. Spend this time in the way most profitable to yourself. Now I shall bind you to your promise for one month; at the end of that time, if it has proved a total failure, we will try some other way."

"When shall I begin?"

"To-morrow."

To-morrow came. Mrs. James had selected the two hours before dinner as the most convenient for her; and as the family dined at one o'clock, she was to have finished her morning work, be dressed and in her room at eleven. Her husband, as he was to accompany her, she was to go to her room, she retired to her room, and turned the key of the door.

After spending perhaps half an hour in forming her plans for study, she drew up her table, placed her books before her, prepared pen and paper, and commenced with much enthusiasm. Scarcely was pen dipped in ink, when there was a tramping of little feet along the hall, and a loud pounding on the chamber door.

"Mamma, mamma, I can't find my mittens, and Frank is going without me, to slide."

"Go to Amy, daughter; mamma is busy, now."

"Amy is busy, too, and says she cannot leave the baby."

Upon this the child began to cry. The easiest way for Mrs. James to settle the difficulty, and indeed the only way, was to go and hunt up the missing articles. Then a parley must be held with Frank, to induce him to wait for his sister, and the little girl's tears must be dried, and little hearts must be set right before the children were sent out to play, and a little lecture given, too, on the necessity of putting things where they belonged. Time slipped away, and when Mrs. James returned to her study, her watch told her that one hour was gone. She quietly resumed her task, and was getting well under weigh again, when a heavier step was heard, and her door was once more tried. Now Mr. James must be admitted.

"Mary," said he, "do come and put on a string for me. There is not a bosom in my drawer in order. I am in a hurry. I ought to have been down town an hour ago."

Mrs. James went to her work-basket, and followed him. The tape was sewed on, then a button needed fastening, and then a rip in his glove must be mended.

Mrs. James took his glove and stitched away at it, with a smile lurking in the corners of her mouth.

"What are you laughing at?" inquired her husband.

"To think how famously your plan works," replied she.

"I declare!" exclaimed he, "was this your study hour? I am sorry, but what can a man do? he cannot go down town without a shirt button."

"Certainly not," replied his wife quietly.

When her husband was fairly equipped, Mrs. James returned to her room again. About half an hour remained to her, of which she was determined to make the most. Once more was her place found, and her pen dipped in ink, when there was another disturbance in the entry. Amy had returned with the baby from his walk. She took him into the nursery to get him to sleep. Now only room in the house where Mrs. James could find a fire to herself, was the room adjoining the nursery. The only noise of the children did not disturb her, but the very extraordinary one which Master Charles fell upon to make, when he was fairly upon his back in the cradle, was rather more than could be borne by most mothers, without seriously disturbing their train of thoughts. The words of the author rose and fell with the bawls

and screams of the child. Mrs. James closed her book until the storm should be overpast. Soon after quiet was restored, the children came in from sliding, crying with cold fingers. Just as the dinner bell rang, Mrs. James closed her book in despair.

"How did you succeed with your studies, this morning?" inquired Mr. James.

"Famously!" replied Mrs. James. "I read about seventy pages of German and as many more of French."

"Why, I am sure I did not hinder you long."

"No; yours was only one of a dozen interruptions."

"O well; you must not get discouraged. You cannot expect to succeed the first time. Persist in it, until the family learn if they want any thing of you they must come some other time."

"But what is a man to do?" replied his wife; "he cannot go down town with a string off his bosom, and a rip in his glove."

"Well, I was in a bad fix," replied Mr. James. I dare say it will not happen again. At any rate, try the month out, and see what will come of it."

The second day of trial happened to be a stormy one; and as the morning was very dark, Bridget overleaped herself, and breakfast was one hour late. This last hour Mrs. James could not recover. Eleven o'clock came, and her morning work was but half done. With a mind disturbed and depressed, she left things in the state as they were, and retired punctually to her study. She found, however, that it was impossible to fix her attention upon anything which required thought. Neglected duties haunted her as ghosts do a guilty conscience. Finding she was really doing nothing with her books, and wishing not to lose the morning wholly, she commenced a letter. Bridget came to her door before she had written half a page.

"What shall we have for dinner, ma'am? There ain't no marketing come, and you did not tell me what to get."

"Have some steaks."

"Well, I will send out for some."

Now there was no one to send but Amy, and Mrs. James knew it. With a sigh she put away her letter, and went into the nursery.

"Amy, Mr. James has forgotten the marketing. I wish you would run over to the provision store and order some beef-steaks; I will stay with the baby."

Amy was none too well pleased to be sent on this errand. She remarked "that she must first change her dress."

"Be as quick as possible then," said Mrs. James, "for I am particularly engaged this morning."

Amy neither obeyed nor disobeyed, but managed to take her own time in reality, though without any direct determination to do so. Mrs. James, thinking she might get along a sentence or two in the nursery, took her German book in; but to this arrangement Charles would by no means consent. Mamma must show him the kitties in the book—whether there or not, it was all one to him—but amused he must be. Half her second day's time of trial was gone when Amy came in; and with a sigh Mrs. James returned to her room. Before one o'clock she had been called down to the kitchen twice on some important business relating to the dinner, and for this day, not one entire page of a letter had been written.

On the third morning she rose early, made every provision for dinner, and for the comfort of the family, which she deemed necessary, and elated by success, in good spirits and with good courage, she entered her study precisely at eleven o'clock. Now she was to have a fine time of it. Her books were opened, and a hard lesson summoned to the conflict. Scarcely had she read a line, when she heard the door bell ring.

"Somebody wants to see you in the parlor, Mrs. James."

"I tell them you were at home, ma'am, and they gave me their names, but I did not exactly understand."

Mrs. James was obliged to go. To smile when she felt sober, to be social when her thoughts were elsewhere. Her friends, however, seemed to find her agreeable, for they made a long call; and when they rose to go, others came. So in the most unsatisfactory chit-chat, all this morning went.

On the next day Mr. James invited company to tea, and Mrs. James was obliged to give up the morning to prepare for it, and did not enter her study. On the day following, she was obliged to keep her bed with sick head-ache; and on Saturday Amy having extra work to do, the charge of the baby devolved on her. Thus passed the first week.

True to her promise, Mrs. James patiently persevered for a month, in her efforts to secure to herself this fragment of her broken time, with what success, the week's history can tell. With it closed the month of December. Being particularly occupied on the last day of the old year in getting ready for the morrow's festival, it was near the last hour of the day when she made her good night's call in the nursery. She went to the crib to look at baby. There he lay fast asleep in his innocence and beauty. She kissed his rosy cheek gently, and stroked softly his golden hair, and pressing his little dimpled hands within hers, she drew the warm covering more closely around him, carefully tucking it in, then stealing one more kiss, she left him to his slumbers, and set down her daughter's bed. She was also sweetly asleep, with her dolly hugged close to her. Her mother smiled—but soon it seemed as if graver and sadder thoughts filled her mind, as indeed they did. She was thinking of her disappointed plans. To her, not only the past month, but the past year, seemed to have been one of fruitless effort; it seemed to her broken and disjointed; even her hours of religious meditation had been encroached upon and distracted. She had accomplished nothing that she could see, but keep her house and family; and to her saddened thoughts, even this seemed to have been but indifferently done. Yearnings for something better than this she was conscious of; unsatisfied longings often clouded an otherwise bright day for her, and yet all this seemed to lie in a region dim and misty, which she could not penetrate.

"What did she need then? To see some of the results of her life-work? To be conscious of some unity of purpose, some weaving together of those life-threads, now so broken and single."

She felt, she was quite sure, no desire to shrink from duty, however humble; but she sighed for some comforting assurance of what was her duty. Her pursuits, conflicting as they did with her tastes, seemed to her frivolous. She felt there was some better way of living, which she, from want of energy of character, of energy of principle, had failed of discovering. As she leaned over her child, her tears now fell fast upon that young brow.

How earnestly wished that mother that she could shield her child from the disappointments, and self-reproaches, and mistakes from which she was then suffering; that the little one might take up life where she could give it her, mended by all her own experience. It would have been a great comfort could she have felt that she had fought the battle for both. Yet she knew that it could not be; that we must all learn for ourselves, what are those things which make for our peace. With tears still in her eyes, she gave the good night to the child, and, with soft step entered the adjoining room, and there fairly kissed out the old year on another chubby cheek

which nestled among the pillows; then sought her own rest.

Soon she found herself in a singular place. She was traversing a vast plain; no trees were visible, save those which skirted the distant horizon; on their tops rested a wreath of golden clouds. Before her, travelling towards that distant light, was a female. Little children were about her, sometimes in her arms, and sometimes at her side. As she journeyed on, she busied herself caring for them. Now she soothed them when weary—now she taught them how to travel, and again she warned them of the pitfalls and stumbling blocks in the way. She helped them over the one, and taught them to be wary of the other. She talked to them of that golden light which she kept constantly in view, and towards which she seemed to be hastening with her little flock. What was remarkable was, that all unknown to her, two golden clouds floated above her, on which reposed two angels. Before each was a golden book and a pen of gold. One angel, with mild and loving eyes, peered constantly over the right shoulder, and the other over the left; they followed her from the rising to the setting sun. They watched every word, and look, and deed, no matter how trivial. When it was good, the angel over the right shoulder, with a glad smile, wrote it down in his golden book; when evil, however trivial, the angel over the left shoulder wrote it down in his book. Then he kept his sorrowful eyes on her until he dropped penitence for the evil, upon which he dropped a tear upon his record, and blotted it out, and both angels rejoiced. To the looker-on, it seemed as if the traveller did little which was worthy such careful record.

Sometimes she did bathe the weary feet of her children, and the angel over the right shoulder wrote it down. Sometimes she did wait patiently, to lure back some little truant who had taken a step in the wrong direction, and the angel over the right shoulder wrote it down. Sometimes, with her eyes fixed upon the golden horizon, she became so intent upon her own progress, as to let the little pilgrims at her side languish or stray; then it was the angel over the left shoulder who lifted the golden pen and made the entry, followed her with sorrowful eyes, seeking to blot it out. If wishing to hasten on her journey, she left the little ones behind, it was the angel over the right shoulder who noted the sorrowful entry, and the angel over the left shoulder who noted the joyful entry. Now the observer felt, as she looked on, that this was a faithful record, and was to be kept to the journey's end. Those strong clasps of gold on those golden books, also impressed her with the belief that they were to be sealed for future opening. Her sympathies were warmly excited for the traveller, and with a beating heart she quickened her steps, that she might overtake her, and tell her what she had seen, and intreat her to be watchful, and faithful, and patient to the end in her life's work, for she had herself seen that its results would all be known when the golden books should be unsealed. That she must not think any duty which it fell in her way to do, trivial, for surely there was an angel over her right shoulder or one over her left, who would record it all.

Eager to warn her of this, she gently touched her. The traveller turned, and she recognized, or seemed to recognize, herself. Startled and alarmed, she awoke and found herself in tears. The grey light of morning struggled through the half-open shutter, the door was ajar, and merry faces were peeping in.

Wish you a Happy New Year, mamma. Wish you a Happy New Year!

"She returned the happy greeting—heartily. She seemed to have entered on a new existence; she had found her way through the mazes where she had been entangled, and light was now about her path. The angel over her right shoulder, whom she had seen in her dreams, had assured her that her life-work was bound up in that golden book, and its final results would be known; and assured her what was duty—now she saw plainly enough, what she had not seen before, that while it was right and important for her to cultivate, as far as she could her own mind and heart, it was equally right and equally important for her to perform faithfully a those little household duties and cares, on which the comfort and virtue of her family depended.

They had acquired a new dignity from the records of that golden pen—and they could not be neglected without danger.

Sad thoughts and misgivings, and ungratified longings seemed all to have taken their flight with the Old Year, and it was with a new resolution, and a cheerful hope, and a happy heart, that she welcomed the NEW YEAR.

CHILDREN.

WHO MADE THE LITTLE FLOWERS.

The Athlete in his garden stood,
At twilight's pensive hour,
His little daughter by his side,
Was gazing on a flower.

"O pick that blossom, Pa, for me,"
The little prattler said;
"It is the fairest one that blooms
Within the lowly bed."

The father plucked the chosen flower,
And gave it to the child—
With parted lips and sparkling eye,
She seized the gift and smiled.

"O Pa, who made this pretty flower,
This little violet blue;
Who gave it such a fragrant smell,
And such a lively hue?"

A change came o'er the father's brow;
His eyes grew strangely wild;
New thoughts within him had been stirred
By that sweet, artless child.

The truth flashed on her father's mind—
The truth in all its power;
"There is a God, my child," he said,
"He made that little flower."

THE DOUBLE FAULT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Why Arthur?" exclaimed Mrs. Mason, on coming into the room where she had left her two boys playing, and finding one of them there with a bunch of flowers in his hand. "How came you to pull my flowers. Have 'n't I positively forbidden you to do so?"

"I did not do it, mother! I did not do it. It was John."

"Where is John?"

"He's in the yard."

"Call him in," said Mrs. Mason.

While Arthur was at the window, calling to his brother, Mrs. Mason, the father, came into the room.

"John has been pulling my flowers. Isn't it too bad that a boy as large as he is, should have so little consideration? They were coming out into bloom beautifully."

Just then John entered, with a bunch of flowers also in his hand.

"John, how came you to pull my flowers?" said Mrs. Mason. "You knew it was wrong."

"I did not think, when I pulled off a rosebud and two or three larkspurs," replied John.

"Two or three larkspurs and a rosebud! Why your hand will fill of flowers."

"O, but William Jones gave me all but the larkspurs and the rosebud. Indeed, mother, I didn't touch any more; and I am sorry I took them; but I forgot that it was wrong when I did so."

"But Arthur says you pulled that large bunch in his hand."

"Arthur knows I didn't. He knows he pulled them himself, and that I told him he'd better not do it; but he said he had as much right to the flowers as I had."

Mr. and Mrs. Mason both looked at Arthur in surprise and displeasure. His countenance showed that he had been guilty of wrongly accusing his brother.

"Is it true that you did pull the flowers, Arthur?" asked his mother.

But Arthur was silent.

"Speak sir," said the father sternly, "did you pull the flowers?"

"Yes, sir."

"And then falsely accused your brother of the wrong you had done. That may be your guilty of an evil act like this! I could not have believed it! It is a wicked thing to lie, to hide a fault, simply, but falsely to accuse another of what we have ourselves done, is far more wicked still. Can it be possible that a son of mine has fallen so low? It grieves me to the heart."

Mr. Mason spoke as he felt. He was deeply grieved. Nothing had occurred for a long time so hurt him. He loved honesty and truth—but how opposite to both had been the conduct of his boy!

"Go to your chamber and stay there until I see or send for you," he said; and Arthur retired in shame from the presence of his parents and the brother he had so meanly attempted to injure. Of course he felt very unhappy. How could he feel otherwise? The rebuking words of his father fell like heavy blows upon his heart, and the pain they occasioned was for a long time severely felt.

What punishment the parents thought it right to inflict upon Arthur we do not know. But no doubt he was punished in some way as he deserved. And besides this, he had the still severer punishment which always follows that meanness of which any one can be guilty—that of accusing another, an innocent person of what we have ourselves done.

Bad as this fault is, it is, alas! too common. But no manly, honest, truthful boy, will be betrayed into it. To the better impulses of our young readers, who have been so wicked as to fall into sin, either from sudden impulse or deliberate purpose, we would earnestly appeal and beg of them to think more wisely and act more justly in the future. No cause is made better, but always worse, by a falsehood. Even where detection does not follow, suspicion is almost always created. For it is impossible for a boy to tell a lie without betraying it in his face, voice, and causing a doubt to pass through the minds of his parents, and set them to making inquiry into the truth or falsehood of what he has stated. Truth—the open, bold, honest truth, is always the best, always the wisest, always the safest for every one, in any and all circumstances. Let no boy deviate from it a line, even though he have been guilty of a fault. Better, a thousand times better, is it to own the wrong and keep a clear conscience.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Mrs. SARAH P. WHITNEY, wife of Dr. Whitney, died Feb. 10, aged 23. In early life sister Whitney consecrated herself to God, and ever after was seeing him who is invisible. The disease of which she died (the consumption) began its ravages last summer. On Sunday morning, (the day she died) she raised her hands and looking at them, saw the blood settling under her nails, and with joyful emotions, "that is a good sign, I shall soon be at home." She requested the friends present to sing; they attempted it, but their hearts were too full; then with her gentle voice she began, "What is this that steals, that steals upon my frame, is it death? Is it death?" At the end of the second line her voice failed, but when in an instance has it been more evident that all was well. When in the midst of the cold river of death, as if looking back a moment, she said as her breath died away, "to die is gain."

P. T. KENNY.

Provincetown, Mass., Feb. 25.

CHARLOTTE A. TASKER, wife of John C. Tasker, departed this life in great peace, in Manchester, N. H., aged 37 years. But death found her not unprepared. Some years since she embraced the religion of Jesus, and joined herself to the M. E. Church, in which she remained until her change came. She was surrounded with many endearing ties and tender relationships, which bound her strongly to earth; but through grace she was enabled to resign herself to the God of her fathers, and in Christian triumph to joyfully obey the summons of our Saviour. May her dying admonitions, counsels and prayers be sanctified to the great good of the surviving friends, and the church with which she was united.

C. N. SMITH.

Manchester, N. H., Feb. 30.

Sister SALLY BURGESS, wife of Capt. Eliza Burgess, of Somerset, Mass., died in New Bedford, Feb. 2, in her 60th year. Sister B. left her home in S., with her husband, to visit friends in the city, saying to us the evening previous to her departure that she should return again in four days. But, alas, we appoint, while Mr. B. makes his way to New Bedford, she found her health unusually unwell, and in one week her pilgrimage was over. For many years she had been a member of the M. E. Church, having in early life professed religion and chosen that as her home. While formerly the wife of Capt. David Hall, of Providence, she was well and extensively known by our ministry in this vicinity, who ever found her doors open for their reception, and her table loaded with earth's bounties for their refreshment. Afterward while the wife of Capt. B., she slackened not her hand in doing good, nor closed her heart nor doors to the servants of God. Well may we truly say, while at her fireside, "Here—here is rest." appropriately may we add, Go to now, ye that say to-day or to-morrow, we will go into such a city, and continue a year, and buy and sell, and get gain, whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even as a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away.

C. HAMMOND.

Somerset, Feb. 27.

MR. ROBERT BOYD, died in Londonderry, Feb. 4, aged 62. His last sickness, which was protracted and severe, was endured without a murmur or complaint. The startling summons to yield his stewardship seemed conveyed to him in the premonitory signs of approaching death, and led him several weeks before his departure alone was his trust. Many expressions which fell from his lips expressive of his unyielding trust in God's promises and readiness to depart, will long be remembered by his afflicted friends. His end was peace.

Mrs. ELIZABETH PALMER, departed this life in great triumph, Feb. 5. That fell disease the consumption had been for several years gradually undermining her constitution, and causing her to suffer much; but that religion which she sought more than 30 years since, has enabled her to "endure as seeing Him who is invisible." As death drew near her prospects brightened, and at times she was almost impatient to depart. One

of her last expressions was "I long to go."—Much might be said in her praise, but her record is on high.

ISAAC W. HUNTLEY.

Hudson, Feb. 24.

Mrs. MARY MARTIN, died in Union, Me., Jan. 23, aged 67 years. Sister Martin was converted twenty-two years ago. For many years past she has been a woman of feeble health. Death had no terrors for her. She has left the companion of her youth, trembling under ten years, and waiting patiently for his Master to call him to rejoin his sainted wife.

B. M. MITCHELL.

Union, Me., Feb. 23.

Mrs. ABIGAIL, wife of Nathan Kimball, died in Buxton, Me., Feb. 11, aged 56 years 9 months. She was converted 28 years ago last September, and united with the M. E. Church in Buxton. Her disease was consumption, which in its last stages proved very distressing. A short time before her death she called her family around her, and spoke to them separately relative to the salvation of their souls; and when she "went away," she went heavenward, leaning on the arm of her beloved.

JOSIAH HOOPER.

Buxton, Feb. 18.

Bro. JOHN BLAISDELL, died in Orland, Me., Feb. 15, aged 25. Bro. B.'s sickness was long and painful, but grace enabled him to bear it with patience, and for a long time he was in use his own language) so happy that it seemed impossible to enjoy more and live. He died praising God.

O. HUSE.

Orland, Me., Feb. 24.

WELCOME TO THE FAITHFUL PASTOR.

O he heard the welcome from the skies,
As he stood, watching, toiling, at his post,
"Come thou up hither, near me take thy seat,
Among my first-born sons. Thy work is done,
Well done, thou faithful servant of thy God;
Here take the joys thy Lord prepares for all,
Who, when he comes, he finds so doing."

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Cook had not then navigated the South Seas; Polynesia and Australia were names unknown to geography; no Humboldt had then climbed the Andes; the valley of the Mississippi had not been explored; no European traveller had ascended the Nile beyond the first cataract; the Niger was wholly veiled in mystery; and the Brahmapoota was unknown, even by name, among the rivers of India. The languages and dialects of the Eastern world were as little known as the physical aspect and phenomena of the countries. No Sir William Jones had arisen to set the example of Oriental scholarship as a polite accomplishment; the Sanscrit had as yet attracted no attention from Western philologists; the Holy Scriptures had been translated into a few vernacular dialects, except those of Western Europe; no Carey or Morrison, no Martyn or Judson had girded themselves to the task of mastering those languages which had hitherto defied, like an impenetrable rampart, all attempts to gain access to the mind of India and China. A hundred years ago, there were neither Protestant Missionary Societies nor Protestant Missions, save only those which had been formed for the propagation of the Gospel in the American Colonies; the Danish missions in Southern India, and the Moravian missions in Greenland and South Africa. In fact, the obstacles to success in almost every part of the world, arising from the ascendancy and intolerance of the Papal, Mohammedan, and Pagan powers, added to the deficiency of our knowledge and the poverty of our resources, would have proved little short of insurmountable.—London Patriot.

AMERICAN ELOQUENCE.

A writer has a good remark upon American eloquence:

"But am I asked, what is the best field of American eloquence? I answer, the stump, decidedly the stump! This is the American rostrum from which are to come the highest efforts of eloquence. The direct address to the people themselves, is, so far as the production of eloquence is concerned, incomparably superior to that of the legislative halls. Our congressional and legislative oratory is not, nor can be, of the highest order, for the want of that prime element of oratory—proper sympathy between the orator and the audience. All are alike bound down by the adamantine chains of party and sectional interests, which no power of eloquence can move or sway. So far as any practical influence upon the audience which he is addressing is concerned, the orator may just as well address the pillars around him, or the marble statues standing in the niches of the wall. But when he is speaking to the people, he knows that he is speaking to those who are both lion and lamb, and free to act. He may have prejudices to remove; but the people will listen to reason and argument, and when convinced, will burst asunder all the ties of party, and go for the right."

HOW TO GET TO SLEEP.

How to get to sleep, is to many persons, a matter of high importance. Nervous persons, who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability, usually have a strong tendency of blood to the brain, with cold extremities. The pressure of blood on the brain creates in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the head are often painful. Let them rise and chafe the head, and extremities with a rough towel, or rub smartly with the hands, to promote circulation, and to withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few moments. A cold bath, or a sponge-bath, and rubbing, or a good run, or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up and down stairs a few times just before retiring, will aid in equalizing circulation and promoting sleep. These rules are simple, and easy of application in castle or cabin, and may minister to the comfort of thousands, who would freely expend money for anodyne to promote "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

ACQUITTAL OF A WITCH.

In Montrol's life of Brisson, an anecdote is given of Lord Mansfield, the celebrated English Jurist. He had, one day, a poor old woman brought before him under an accusation of witchcraft. Though exceedingly infirm, it was asserted by all the inhabitants of the village, whose positiveness was, in all probability, in great proportion to the absurdity of what they advanced, that she had been seen walking with her feet in the air and her head downwards. The witnesses exhibited the greatest eagerness that she should be punished as a witch. The Judge, after listening with the greatest composure to the depositions, solemnly observed, "Since you have seen this poor woman walking in the air, though her legs are scarcely able to support her on earth, I can, of course, entertain no doubt of the fact; but this is an English woman, and subject, as well as you and I, to the laws of England, every one of which I have just run over in my mind, without being able to hit upon any which prohibits persons walking in the air, if they should find it convenient. All those persons, therefore, who have seen the accused perform her aerial promenade, are at liberty to imitate her example."

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